MODERN ANTIQUES:

OR,

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1789.

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cockletop	- - -	Mr. QUICK.
Frank	- - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
~~Henry~~	- - - -	Mr. WILSON.
Joey	- - - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Napkin	- - - -	Mr. CUBITT.
Thomas	- - - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
John	- - - -	Mr. BLURTON.
Mrs. Cockletop	- -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Camomile	- -	Miss CHAPMAN.
Belinda	- - -	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Flounce, Jasone	- -	Mrs. ROCK.
Nan	- - -	Mrs. WELLS.
Betty	- - - -	

SCENE—LONDON.

Properties
Act 1st

Small Basket with Greens.
Scroll of parchment.
Stage Money.
Whip. Candles in Candlesticks
Small paper as a Receipt
written Letter, Describing
Broom.
Small hamper, Gridiron, toasting-fork,
Small phial, Knife— Bank Note— Blunderbuss

Act 2nd

Smelling-bottle,
Steam Cage.
Table Cloth.
Salad on plate
Violin
Barrow
the Antiques
phial with Label.

MODERN ANTIQUES:

OR,

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Mrs. CAMOMILE's *House.*

Enter Mrs. CAMOMILE *and* ~~BETTY~~ Jent

Mrs. CAMOMILE.

~~Betty~~, anybody here ſince?

Bet. No, Madam; but here's a ſtrange ſervant.

Mrs. Cam. True; Mrs. Cockletop deſired me, as I paſſed along Charing-Croſs, to inquire for one for her at the Regiſter-office.—Ha, ha, ha! She's too fine a lady to look after theſe things herſelf.

Bet. Walk up, young man. [*Exit* BETTY.

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Sarvant (*nods*).

Mrs. Cam. Quite a ruſtic!—How long have you been in town?

Joey. Our town?

Mrs. Cam. London.

Joey. I thought as how you meant our town. I com'd from Yerkſop, in the county of Norfolk, to get a place.

Mrs. Cam. Your name?

Joey. What of it?

Mrs. Cam. What is it?

Joey. Oh, my name is Joey; but volks call'd me Mr. Joey all the way up, thof I com'd upon the coach roof; for, as it's near Chriſtmas time, all the inſide paſſengers were turkeys. I quitted our village in a huff with one Nan Holliday, my ſweetheart; cauſe why? ſhe got jealous, and ſaucy given.

Mrs. Cam. The wages that this Lady gives to her footboy, are eight guineas a year.

Joey. Guineas! that won't do, I muſt have eight pounds!

Mrs. Cam. Well, if you inſiſt upon pounds, ha, ha, ha!

Joey. Oh, I'm hired! (*lays his hat and ſtick on the table.*)

Mrs. Cam. You can give and take a meſſage?

Joey. Yes, ſure.

(*A loud knocking without.*)

Mrs. Cam. Then let's ſee—Run.

Joey. Where?

Mrs. Cam. To the door, you blockhead.

Joey (*goes to the room door and ſtands*). Well, I be's at the door—What now?

Mrs. Cam. Open the ſtreet door.

Joey. Oh! (*going.*) Here comes a lady!

Mrs. Cam. Come up when you hear the bell.

Joey. Theſe gentlefolks don't moind what trouble they give a poor ſarvant man. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Cam. Belinda!

Enter

Enter BELINDA.

Bel. My dear friend! I've quitted Southampton boarding-ſchool, without leave though.

Mrs. Cam. My ſweet girl, I'm very glad to ſee you; but is this a prudent ſtep?

Bel. To be ſure, when I was kept there ſo long againſt my will by my aunt.

Mrs. Cam. Ah, Belinda, confeſs the truth: wasn't it to ſee your uncle's nephew, Frank, that you have ſcamper'd up to town?

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honor, you're a witch: but ſuppoſe ſo, why not? you and I were ſchool-fellows t'other day, yet, here you're married: but apropos, how is your huſband?

Mrs. Cam. The Doctor is well.

Bel. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a boarding-ſchool, when I am able even to teach my dancing-maſter.

Mrs. Cam. Why, my dear Belinda, ſince your laſt letter, I've been planning ſchemes how to make you happy with the man you love.

Bel. My good creature, do tell me!

Mrs. Cam. You know if your uncle Mr. Cockle-top's tooth but aches, he fancies he'll die directly if he hasn't my huſband Dr. Camomile's advice; he's the grand oracle of his health; the barometer and thermometer of his animal ſyſtem. Now, as the Doctor is at Wincheſter on a viſit to ſome of his College chums, and won't leave his good orthodox bottle of old port to viſit him here in London, he ſhall viſit the Doctor at Wincheſter, if we can but get your uncle to leave town; on that hangs my grand ſcheme for the eſtabliſhment of you and Frank.—Your aunt's maid Mrs. Flounce, and Mr. Napkin the butler, are my confederates.

Bel. Oh, charming! but I muſt know it though.

Enter JOEY, *ſtands ſome time.*

Joey. Well?

Bel. And well!

Joey. I'm com'd up as you bid me.

Mrs. Cam. But you ſhou'dn't have come 'till you heard the bell.

Joey. And, wounds! it's wringing yonder enough to pull the church-ſteeple down.

Mrs. Cam. and Bel. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Cam. Joey, carry thoſe to your new maſter's. — (*To* BELINDA) Plants and ſimples, cull'd for him by the Doctor; your uncle will now be a botaniſt as well as an antiquarian. (JOEY *takes up the* ~~ſcuttle~~ Basket of plants)

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! But my toniſh aunt's new-fangled rage for private theatricals, are to the full as unaccountably ridiculous as my crazy uncle's paſſion for muſty antiquities.

Mrs. Cam. Well, Belinda, I'm going there directly on your affairs.

Bel. My kind friend!

Mrs. Cam. Call a coach.—(JOEY *takes his ſtick, and puts on* BELINDA'*s hat*)—Ha, ha, ha! why, you've put on the lady's hat!

Joey (*takes it off, then compares them*). One wou'd think the lady had put on mine.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. CAMOMILE *and* BELINDA.

Your London ladies are ſo manified with their ſwich rantans, and their coats, and their waiſtcoats, and watch-chain bobbities, and their tip-top hats, and their cauliflow'r cravats, that, ecod, no mark of their being women but the petticoat! [*Exit.*

Front Room

SCENE II.—Mrs. COCKLETOP's *Dreſſing Room.*

Mrs. COCKLETOP *diſcovered at her toilet*—FLOUNCE *attending.*

Mrs. Coc. What a ſtrange incident my marrying this old Mr. Cockletop! 'Pon my honor, were I ſingle, I'd have the moſt beautiful theatre in my houſe, and his nephew Frank ſhould be the manager—of late he looks at me in a very particular manner; I can ſcarce think it poſſible for thoſe features to ſtrike him with admiration! (*looking in the glaſs.*)

Flounce. Ma'am, thoſe features muſt ſtrike every body with admiration! (*looking at herſelf in the glaſs over* Mrs. COCKLETOP's *ſhoulder.*)

Mrs. Coc. You flatter them?

Flounce. Not in the leaſt, Ma'am; but what ſignifies your beauty, or my ſkill in ſetting it off? my maſter, ſince he's turn'd his brain——

Mrs. Coc. Ay, ſince my huſband has commenced antiquarian, with his curioſities!——

Flounce. Foreign cockle-ſhells, mouldy farthings, and all his old faſhion'd trumperies.—I dare ſay he'd ſell you for the wing of a butterfly!

Mrs. Coc. Flounce, I'll take you to ſee Lear to-morrow night at Lord Rantum's private theatre.

Flounce. Thankye, Ma'am—But Miſs Tr[illegible]t's maid told me, all of them except your [illegible]ſhip made a ſtrange piece of bungling work of their play there laſt Wedneſday.

Mrs. Coc. Work! Oh heavens! If Shakeſpeare could have taken a peep at them, ha, ha, ha!—Romeo and Juliet the play—~~a hot diſpute aroſe~~—

on the text—Mrs. Melpomene inſiſting an error o'the preſs in "Juliet is the ſun:" for, ſays ſhe, (*mimicking,*) "Isn't Juliet a woman's name!"—"Certainly!" replies Sir Colly Comment (*mimicking*) "And isn't Romeo talking to this very "young lady in the balcony!"—"Moſt certain, "Mem!"—"Oh, oh! then certainly," ſays ſhe, "the poet meant—inſtead of Juliet is the ſon, "that Romeo ſhould ſay, it is the Eaſt, and Juliet "is the daughter!"—Ha, ha, ha! then the Romeo and Paris were the real rivals for the love of—I was the Juliet—you know, Flounce, how I look'd when I left my toilet here.

Flounce. Charming! I don't wonder if they fit about you!

Mrs. Coc. Flounce, you're near it; for in the tomb ſcene, Romeo, inſtead of a foil, (uſual in thoſe caſes,) whips out a ſword on the noble County Paris, who, ſuppoſing malice prepence, prudently, before a lunge cou'd be made at him, lays himſelf down, kicks up his heels, and—Oh! dies very decently. Romeo full of remorſe, looking over the breathleſs body, and going on with his ſpeech in the author's words, ſays—"Who have we here? The noble County Paris! "one writ with me in ſour misfortune's book—"Give me thy hand." (*mimicking.*) The good natured Count, eager to make up all animoſity on the very word, from the dead, up went the hand meeting Romeo's with a cordial ſhake. In the confuſion of laugh, occaſioned by this kind conduct, the hero on breaking open the tomb totally forgot what he had to ſay next—in vain the prompter whiſpers the word—poor Juliet might have lain in Capulet's monument till Doomſday—At length impatient (for't got monſtrous

ſtrous cold) I ſoftly bid him—"Speak; why "don't you ſpeak?"—Ha, ha, ha! He taking it for what he ſhould ſay, with all the furor of diſtracted love, burſts out—"Speak, ſpeak! Oh! "why don't you ſpeak?"—Ha, ha, ha! *(looks in the glaſs.)* ~~Flounce, can I in complexion compare with my niece Belinda~~?

Flounce. ~~Can a daſh of cold water compare to almond paſte and milk of roſes~~?

Enter JOEY *with the* ~~ſack~~, ~~throws~~ *it on the toilet.*

Joey. My firſt piece of ſarvice in my new place. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Coc. Ah! *(ſcreams.)*

Enter COCKLETOP *with a ſmall ſcroll of parchment.*

(*angrily*) Aſtoniſhing, Mr. Cockletop! you won't even let me have my dreſſing-room to myſelf.

Coc. Oh, Mrs. Cockletop, what a prize! I have bought one of the long-loſt books of Livy! a manuſcript ſo capitally illegible that no man on the globe can diſtinguiſh or read a letter of it!—Let's ſee what change he has given me *(reckoning money)*.

Flounce. Full of ſnails! *(flinging the plants off the table, knocks the money out of* COCKLETOP'S *hand.)* [*Exit.*

Coc. The botanical plants from Doctor Camomile! carefully pick them up, every leaf has the virtue——

Enter FRANK *in a riding dreſs.*

Frank. Will they heal my wounded pocket? *(picks up the money.)*

Coc. Eh! what, you lizard! (*taking the money from him.*) The valuable ſimples—

Mrs.

Mrs. Coc. Do, my dear, let poor Frank have a little money!

Coc. From which I'd have diſtilled *aqua mirabilis* (*gathers the leaves*).

Frank. Your generoſity would be—

Coc. So rare!—

Mrs. Coc. Conſider, your nephew making an appearance equal to other young gentlemen is a credit to you, as you're known to be—

Coc. A curioſity!

Mrs. Coc. Give him a few guineas.

Coc. Pennyroyal—I'll give him——a colt's foot (*picking up the leaves*).

Mrs. Coc. Beſides often antiques may fall in his way (*winks at* FRANK).

Frank. Ay, if I want to buy curious medals, camios or intaglios for you—

Coc. What! would you buy antiques for me, my good antelope?

Frank. I was offered a fine old moth eaten Hemings and Condel folio of Shakeſpeare t'other day for fourteen and nine pence.

Coc. What? no matter, could you have it for nine pence? Buy it—here's a ſhilling, and keep the change.

Frank. Ay, Sir, a few guineas could never come in better time, as I'm juſt whip and ſpur, you ſee, hey! ſpank to Southampton.

Mrs. Coc. (*alarmed*). Pray, Frank, what buſineſs have you there?

Frank. What, but to ſee my lovely couſin!

Coc. Eh! (*puts up the money.*)

Mrs. Coc. Oh! is that your buſineſs?

Coc. May be, you like—

Mrs. Coc. Ay, do you admire my niece?

Frank. Admire? I love her to diſtraction.

Coc.

Coc. The ſweet girl I doat on myſelf (*aſide*).—Get out of my houſe, you locuſt.—

Mrs. Coc. Love her after all my fond hints to him! (*aſide.*) Oh, Sir, I remember rehearſing Imogen with you t'other night, when I was to have fainted in your arms.

Coc. Ay, you villain, you ſtepped aſide and let my poor wife tumble down and knock her fine head againſt the braſs fender——Take a double hop out of your two boots, you jackdaw! how dare you ſtand before your aunt with a horſewhip in your hand? ~~Do you want to bring her grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave?~~

Mrs. Coc. ~~Grey hairs!~~

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am! Mrs. Camomile!

Mrs. Coc. Sir, command your nephew to think no more of my niece—Love another—You an amateur!—Stand from the entrance.

[*Exit in a paſſion, and* FLOUNCE.

Frank. Why, my dear uncle, you are really a good natured old lad; but for this nonſenſical paſſion for antiquities, in which you've no more judgment than my boot——

Coc. What's that?

Frank. ~~Didn't you t'other day give ten pounds~~ for a model of Trajan's pillar which turned out to be a braſs candleſtick?

Coc. No.

Frank. Hadn't you a ſervant-maid dragg'd before a juſtice for ſecreting three hundred and fifty ſilver ſpoons, which you ſwore were ſhut up in a cherry ſtone.

Coc. No.

Frank. You woud'n't let my aunt go to a poor living actor's benefit, yet gave half a guinea for Roſcius's

Roſcius's eye-laſh, which proved to be taken from the corpſe of a cobler in Cripplegate!

Coc. 'Tis no ſuch thing.

Frank. Didn't you give twenty pounds for the firſt plate ever Hogarth engraved, though it was only a pint porter pot from the Barley Mow?

Coc. No.

Frank. Didn't you throw a lobſter in the fire, ſwearing it was a ſalamander?

Coc. No.

Frank. When my aunt broke her tortoiſeſhell comb, you carefully picked up every tooth, ſhewing them about for the quills of a porcupine.

Coc. I did not, ſirrah!

Frank. Hearing me whiſtle "the larks ſhrill "notes" from the next room, you attempted to perſuade the company 'twas a humming bird.

Coc. Ay, but that was all when I was ſick.—In bodily health my mind is bright and poliſhed; but you moſt audacious dromedary! traduce my ſkill in antiques!—Harkye, when you can prove to me that it's poſſible I can be impoſed upon in antiquities, that is, if I am in health, I conſent to give you Belinda; here's my hand on it.—Begone—your face is as odious to me as a new copper penny! [*Exit.*

Enter ~~Hearty~~ Napkin, *calling after* Cockletop.

Hearty. Sir, here's the receipt—

Frank. Ay, Hearty, you're my uncle's ſteward, receiver of his caſh, and yet——do give me a few guineas—cheat him a little, my honeſt fellow.

Hearty. Mus'n't.

Frank. Plague of the money, I want it.—Yeſterday met a parcel of lads in the Park—a party propoſed for a baſon of turtle at the Spring Garden—

den—I was obliged to—"good bye"—aſked to dinner at Mr. Nabob's, Harley Street, ſo as I dreaded cards in the evening, ſneaked off without my hat, 'cauſe I hadn't half a crown to releaſe it from the butler!—Then my friend Jack Frolick, the player, francked me into Covent Garden; ſat down in the upper boxes between Miſs Frump and Mrs. Rollabout, when the curſt orange woman thruſts her baſket with "Sweet gentleman, treat the ladies." I was obliged to clap my hand upon my pocket, with "My purſe gone!—'Pon honor, no entering "a public place for theſe light-fingered gentry."—Coming home yeſterday, caught in a ſoaking ſhower—"Your honor, coach unhired!" In I jumps, not recollecting his diſmal honor hadn't a ſhilling to pay for it, ſo as the fellow clapt to one door, out I pops at t'other; but then I got mobbed by the waterman, and broke my ſhins over a poſt running away from the link-boy.

Hearty. Why, Frank, I'll lend you my own money with all my heart.

Frank. No, before I ſtrip you of what you may yet want to cheriſh your old age I'll periſh—Yet, this is my Belinda's birth-day—By heaven! I will wiſh, ay, and give her joy, though I foot it every mile to Southampton, and dine on water creſſes by a ditch ſide. [*Exit.*

Hearty. Spirited lad! But I hope by means of my letter I ſhall be able to aſſiſt him—though I thought his uncle too abſurd to tell him, yet it's ſtrange what a paſſion I've got myſelf for fiſhing up thoſe odd ſort of rarities. I'll ſell my old maſter the ſmall collection I've made; but as his knowing them to be mine may leſſen their value in his opinion—this letter rouſes his deſire to buy them—and then if I

can

can but make him believe I'm ſome traveller that has brought them from Italy, or——

Enter JOEY *in a livery.*

You're the new footman?

Joey. Yes, I be's—I've put'n on my livery.

Hearty. Here's a letter was left for your maſter. You'll give it to him directly.

[*Gives letter, and exit.*

Joey. So I muſt give this letter too!—They're reſolved in London to keep no cats that wont catch mice.

Enter NAN *with a broom, ſinging.*

Nan (*begins to ſweep*). "A ſarvice in London is no ſuch diſgrace."

Joey. Isn't that——

Nan. Why, Joey! (*ſurpriz'd.*)

Joey. Nan! Lord, Lord! how glad I be's to ſee thee! (*they embrace.*)

Nan. But what brings you here; and in this fine lac'd coat?

Joey. Why, I be fix'd here for a ſarvant man.

Nan. Zurn! Lord, how comacle! and I hired here to-day as maid.

Joey. Hills and mountains will meet!—Oh dear! oh dear!

Nan. I'm now ſent in here by Mrs. Flounce to do up lady's dreſſing-room, that it ſeems ſome clumſy booby has thrown leaves aboutn.

Joey. I'm not a booby, Nan; I find you're as ſaucy-tongu'd as ever.

Nan. Oh law, was it you, Joey? I aſk pardon.

Joey. 'Twas all along of your croſſneſs I com'd up to London.—

Nan. And 'twas your falſe-heartedneſs that drove me to ſeek my bread here.

Joey. Well, ſince good luck has brought us into one houſe, we'll never quarrel, nor be unkind no more.

Nan. Nor I never more will be jealous—Oh, oh! you've had this letter from Poll Primroſe!—Ah! you deceitful!—(*ſnatches* HEARTY*'s letter from* JOEY*'s waiſtcoat pocket, breaks it open, and reads*)—" Sir, encourag'd"——

Joey. The devil! do you ſee what you've done! this letter was for Meaſter—If I havn't a moind——

Nan. Why, Joey, don't be angry—The firſt letter I get for my Lady you ſhall open for me; that you ſhall——" And better my fortune as other girls do." [*Exit ſinging.*

Joey. Egad! you've ſpoil'd my fortune!—What will become of me? Before I've time to ſit down in my new place, I ſhall get kick'd out on't.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Eh! where's Hearty?

(JOEY *drops the letter*—FRANK *picks it up and looks at the ſuperſcription.*

For my uncle?

Joey (*confuſed*). Yes, Sir; I got it to give him.

Frank. But how came it open'd?

Joey. It's open'd!

Frank. I ſee it is.—Do you know, that opening another man's letter is tranſportation?

Joey. Is it? then I'll take the blame upon myſelf rather than Nan be puniſhed (*aſide*),—'Twas I broke it open, Sir; but I meant only to—to—break it open—all accident——(*trembling*).

Frank.

Frank. This promiſes ſomething *(peruſing)*. Well, keep your own ſecret, and I'll bring you out of this ſcrape.

Joey. Do, Sir, do.

Frank. ~~Any paper here *(ſits down, writes, as copying the opened letter; reads)*~~ "Sir, Encouraged "by your character, I ſhall, in perſon, to-morrow, "offer to you for ſale ſome antique rarities."—My old conceited uncle has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that it's poſſible to impoſe on him in antiquities—This may do it, and bring me a convenient ſum beſides—for with all the ridiculous enthuſiaſm of a virtuoſo, my uncle has ſmall reading, no taſte, but a plentiful ſtock of credulity ~~*(writes)*~~.

~~*Coc. (without.)* Joey!~~

~~*Joey.* Waunds! that's Maſter!~~

Frank (haſtily ſeals and ſuperſcribes the letter he had written). There, ſtand to it ſtoutly, that's the very one you receiv'd (*gives* ~~*it*~~). *our other Letter*

Joey. A thouſand thanks, kind Sir.

Frank. Oh, but I ſhall want a diſguiſe (*aſide*). You put on your livery ſince you came? where are your own clothes?

Joey. In the butler's pantry.

Frank. Quick, go, give that letter *(puts him off)*. Ha, ha, ha!—Yes, uncle, if you've caſh to buy antiquities, I'm a ſtupid fellow indeed if I can't find ſome to ſell you; and if I ſucceed, hey for Southampton with the triumphant news to Belinda!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—COCKLETOP's *Study.*

Enter COCKLETOP *peruſing the letter—and* JOEY.

Joey. Yes, Sir; I was deſired to give it you—If he ſhould find out that Nan broke open t'other —Indeed,

—Indeed, Sir, that 's the very letter—it was never opened.

Coc. The things this learned man mentions here are really very curious.

Joey. Sir, here be Mr. Napkin the butler coming.

Enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, a man wants you there below.

Coc. Then, Sir, do you ſend him up here above (*peruſes*).

Nap. Eh! what are you idling here? Come, come, I'll ſhew you the buſineſs of a footman—you muſt toaſt the muffins for mine and Mrs. Flounce's breakfaſt.

Joey. I woll, Sir; and broil a beef-ſteak for my own. [*Exit* NAPKIN *and* JOEY.

Coc. Only that my brain is for ever running on my wife's charming niece Belinda!—Oh, I love her! I like every thing old except girls and guineas!—I ſhou'd certainly be a ſecond Sir Hans Sloane—I'd be a Solander and a Monmouth Geoffery!—Now, who 's this?

Enter FRANK *in* JOEY's *firſt clothes, with a ſmall hamper.*

Frank (*aſide*). If my uncle knows me now, he muſt have good ſpectacles.—Meaſter told me, as he told you in letter, he'd call on you to-morrow with ſome rarities, Sir (*in broad country dialect*).

Coc. Oh, then you belong to the gentleman who ſent me this letter? Where does your maſter live?

Frank. At Brentford; but I be's from Taunton Dean; and as I was coming to town to-day, he thought I might as well drop them here, if you'll buy them.—Theſe be they (*ſhewing hamper*).

Coc. Oh, what, he's ſent you with the things that are mentioned here? (*to the letter.*)

Frank. I warrant them all woundy rich, he gave me ſuch a ſtrict charge about 'em.

Coc. Rich! ah, theſe ſordid ſouls can't conceive that the moſt extreme delight to the eye of an antiquarian is beautiful brown ruſt, and heavenly verdigreaſe!—Let's ſee: (*reads*) "The firſt is a "Neptune's trident from the Barbarini gallery."

Frank. That 's it (*ſhews a toaſting fork*).

Coc (*reads*). "One of Niobe's tears preſerv'd in "ſpirits."

Frank. That (*produces a ſmall phial*).

Coc. Curious! (*aſide.*)—"A piece of houſhold "furniture from the ruins of Herculaneum, com-"priſing the genuine ſection of the Eſcurial."—Precious indeed! (*aſide.*)—"Section of the Eſcu-"rial!"—Ay, then it muſt be in the ſhape of—(FRANK *ſhews a gridiron*). Wonderful! (*reads*) "The cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiſs "Patriot, worn when he ſhot the apple off his "ſon's head."

Frank. I've forgot to bring anything even like that.—What ſhall I do? (*aſide.*)—I warrant it be's here, Sir.

Coc. I hope it is; for I will not buy one without all.

Frank. Then all you ſhall have (*aſide.—Pretends to look in the hamper. Picks up* COCKLETOP's *hat, and with a penknife cuts off the brim*). That 's it, mayhap (*gives the crown*).

Coc.

Coc. Great! This is indeed the cap of liberty! (*puts it on his head and reads,*) "Half a yard of "cloth from Otaheite, being a part of the mantle "of Queen Oberea, preſented by her to Captain "Cook."

Frank. Zounds! I was in ſuch a hurry to get to work, that I've forgot half my tools! (*aſide.*)

Coc. Where's the cloth from Otaheite?

Frank. I dareſay it's here (*feels the coat he has on*). No, muſtn't hurt poor Joey.—Eh! (*cuts a large piece off the ſkirt of* COCKLETOP'S *coat while he is admiring the things.*) Belike that 's it (*gives it*).

Coc. Indeed! What wonderful ſoft texture! We've no ſuch cloth in England!—This muſt have been the fleece of a very fine ſheep.

Frank. Ay, taken from the back of an old ſtupid ram.

Coc. Speak of what you underſtand, you clown; much talk may betray little knowledge.—Cut your coat according to your cloth!

Frank. Yes, Sir; I cut your coat according to your cloth!—I muſt fix him in his opinion now with a little fineſſe (*aſide*).—Maſter do expect fifty pounds for this balderdaſh.

Coc. Here 's the money.

Frank. No, no; if he even thought you ſuch a fool to give it, he muſt be a rogue to take it; but he ſha'n't make me a party; I'll let him know I'm an honeſt man.—Dom me if I don't throw them in the kennel and quit his ſarvice! (*going to take them.*)

Coc. (*haſtily.*) Leave them there, and take the money to your maſter, or I'll make him ſend you to the devil, you thick-ſkull'd buffalo! (*taking out a pocket-book.*)

Frank. Not a penny of it will I touch.

Cockletop— Here, here, my honeſt fellow
there's half a Crown for your-
ſelf.
Frank— Thank ye ſir—Lord, Lord! how

B 2 Enter

Enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, here 's the gentleman that ſent you a letter about calling on you to-morrow.

Coc. This muſt be your maſter (*to* FRANK).

Frank. Now I'm in a fine way.

Coc. I'll tell him of your raſcality.—Shew the gentleman up. [*Exit* NAPKIN.

Frank. Don't tell him—don't get a poor man turn'd out of bread—Quick, give me the money, and I'll take it to him myſelf.

Coc. No, no; I'll give it to him.

Frank. Plague of my fineſſe, that I cou'dn't take the money when I might.

Enter HEARTY *diſguiſed, with a ſhagreen caſe.*

Hearty. Eh! my old maſter ſeems diſguiſed as well as I!—The ſooner I get the money the better for poor Frank's ſake (*aſide*).

Coc. Sir! (*bows.*)

Hearty. Sir! (*bowing.*)

Coc. You've been in Italy, Sir?

Hearty. I have (*in an aſſumed voice*).

Frank. I wiſh you'd ſtaid there (*aſide*).

Hearty. Not to intrude upon your time, we'll proceed to buſineſs.

Coc. Oh, he's in a hurry for his money (*aſide*).—No delay on my ſide, Sir, for I offered the caſh half a dozen times.

Hearty. Sir, it was time enough for you to offer me payment when you received the articles.

Coc. I don't ſay I offered it to you yourſelf.

Hearty. To who then, Sir?

Coc. To Taunton Dean!

Hearty. I underſtand you ſaid——but I aſk pardon—you'll pleaſe to look at, and if you approve of them——

Coc.

Coc. Oh, yes, I approve; though certain people that eat your bread ſeem to think that you're a a rogue, and I'm a fool.

Frank. Then, Sir, you will ruin me! (*apart.*)

Coc. Yes, I will, Sir (*apart*).

Hearty. I'm a rogue! ſure he don't know me? (*aſide.*)—I flatter myſelf, Sir, when you ſee the articles——

Coc. I have ſeen them.

Hearty. Pardon me, Sir, but I think not—where? how?

Coc. Why, with my eyes; how the devil elſe ſhou'd I ſee them?

Frank. I've a mind to knock both their wiſe heads together and ſnatch the money (*aſide*).

Coc. Will you diſpoſe of theſe or not? (*pointing to* FRANK'*s articles.*)

Hearty. Sir!

Coc. And, Sir!—The devil, didn't you come here to ſell me rarities? (*in a great paſſion.*)

Hearty. Yes, Sir; and will if you will buy them.

Coc. I tell you I do, and have bought them.

Hearty. Have!

Coc. Oh, he repents offering them ſo cheap; but I'll clench the bargain.—Here's the fifty pounds; tell your maſter you took it before he came in (*apart to* FRANK, *giving him a note*).

Frank. Yes (*goes towards door*).

Coc. Hey! ſtop! won't you give it to your maſter?

Frank. I'm going to give it him directly, Sir (*going*).

Coc. But, zounds!—What 's all this?—You'll give it him directly! Yet you ſtalk by him as if he was only an old wig-block.

Frank. Stalk by!—Who's a wig-block, Sir?

Coc. Your maſter here.

Frank. That my maſter! no.

Coc. Eh! Isn't this your ſervant?

Hearty. No, Sir!

Coc. Didn't you write me this letter? (*ſhewing it.*)

Hearty. No, Sir!

Coc. What, not about the antiquities?

Hearty. About the antiquities!—Oh, yes, Sir.

Coc. Yes, Sir—no, Sir; carry your prevaricating pate down ſtairs, Sir.

Frank. This muſt be an impoſtor (*apart to* COCKLETOP).—You're too late for after-graſs; for my maſter has ~~already~~ hum'd this old fool.

Coc. Old fool!—Get you out of my houſe you ſcoundrel, or—— (*takes down a blunderbuſs*).

Taunton Dean

[*Exit* FRANK.

~~Offer to open your juggling box here, and~~ I'll blow you to ~~Brentford~~, you dog, I will (*preſents*).

~~[Exit Hearty.~~

Enter Mrs. CAMOMILE *and* Mrs. COCKLETOP, *they both ſcream.*

Mrs. Cam. Heavens, Mr. Cockletop! will you kill us?

Mrs. Coc. Lord, what's on your head?

Coc. The cap of liberty!—Oh, the ſuper-beautiful purchaſe I have juſt made!—Such a charming addition to my little curious collection!—Mrs. Camomile, you've taſte; I'll give you a treat.—I'll ſhew her all (*aſide*).

Mrs. Coc. (*ſeeing the things that* FRANK *had left.*) Heavens! who has done this?

Enter FLOUNCE.

Here, take theſe and fling them——

Coc.

Coc. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—— Strabo, Campden, and Biſhop Pocock!—Madam, you ſhould (*to* Mrs. CAMOMILE), that is, do you know you're a Dilitante—I ſay you're a celebrated Dille—and——Now what a fine diſcourſe Sir Joſeph Banks wou'd make upon theſe!—Madam, I ſay—

Mrs. Coc. Bleſs me! who has trimm'd you this way?

Coc. Sir Aſhton Lever!—I wiſh your huſband Doctor Camomile was in town—I've ſuch a feaſt for the venerable Bede!

Mrs. Cam. I wiſh we cou'd get you out of town (*aſide*).—Ay, but Mr. Cockletop, a man with money and judgment like you, ſhou'd travel himſelf to collect rarities.

Coc. I've no occaſion to give myſelf the fatigue and perils of travel, to hazard my neck, dragg'd over Alpine precipices, or get my throat cut in dirty Italian inns, or ſuffocated by peſtilential ſteams from the infernal mouth of Veſuvius; I need not, like Pliny the elder, be drown'd in a ſhower of cinders. No, no; here I ſit at home, quiet, in my eaſy chair, while travellers come and lay at my feet the wonderful fruits of their wiſe reſearches! Awake, prepare your underſtanding, here's a tear!—The devil, I forgot who cried this tear (*aſide*).—Hem! It's a precious drop preſerv'd in ſpirits!

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Coc. Get along, you moſt ſcandalous-tongued—I deſire, Mrs. Cockletop, you'll order your ſlip-ſlop out of the muſeum.——Then here is a moſt valuable—(*holds up the gridiron.*)

Enter JOEY *at the back.*

Joey. I'm ſet to broil beef-ſteaks, and toaſt muffins.—The cook ſaid Mr. Frank took 'em, and brought 'em out of the kitchen—

Coc. There! all coſt me only fifty pounds!—This is a Neptune's trident (*holds up the toaſting-fork*); and this piece of furniture from Herculaneum, the model of the Eſcurial, built in honor of St. Lawrence, who was broil'd on——

Joey. Thankye, Sir; I was looking for the toaſting-fork and the gridiron (*takes them*). [*Exit.*

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Coc. What 's that?

Mrs. Coc. Why, Mr. Cockletop, what have you been about here?

Mrs. Cam. Only look!

Coc. I believe I'm bit.—Taunton Dean! He was a rogue (*looks at his coat and hat*).—Is my face genuine?

Mrs. Coc. Why, 'tis an antique!—But indeed, my dear, you don't look well.

Coc. Don't I?

Mrs. Cam. This may help my ſcheme (*aſide*).—My dear Sir, I wou'dn't ſhock you, but you look——

Coc. Do I?

Mrs. Cam. My huſband, the doctor often told me that your bodily illneſs always had an effect upon your mind.

Coc. No man living underſtands my conſtitution but Doctor Camomile—I muſt be—(*feeling his pulſe*)

Mrs. Cam. When a gentleman of your knowledge is ſo groſsly duped, it's a certain ſign——

Coc.

Coc. It is—that I'm ill; or I never could have been taken in.

Mrs. Coc. Lud! I—I wiſh your huſband the Doctor was in town.

Mrs. Cam. I'd adviſe Mr. Cockletop to go to him at Wincheſter, directly.

Mrs. Coc. Here, Napkin!

Enter NAPKIN.

Order the horſes to—your poor maſter—the Doctor—at Wincheſter!

Nap. (*looks with concern at* COCKLETOP.) Oh, he is—yes, Ma'am—here, John, deſire Thomas to make Joey put a pair of horſes to the chaiſe.

Mrs. Cam. You'd beſt let Mr. Napkin attend you.

Mrs. Coc. He's a careful man.

Coc. In this journey, I can view the famous ancient abbey of Netley; I have a choice biſter drawing of it—I'll climb and bring from the ſummit of the mould'ring wall——.

Mrs. Coc. Yes, you're in a ſtate for climbing! Wou'd you break your neck, my dear love, and your poor wife's heart?

Coc. Kind ſpouſe!—I'll call at Southampton and ſee my Belinda though I die at her feet (*aſide*).

Mrs. Coc. When he's out of town, I ſhall have the uninterrupted company of my dear Frank (*aſide*).—Keep up your ſpirits, my love.

Coc. I live only for you, my deareſt!

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. COCKLETOP.

Mrs. Cam. Napkin, ha, ha, ha!—Here's an opportunity for our plan.—You know, as we've all, without ſucceſs, repeatedly endeavour'd to perſuade the old couple to ſettle ſome proviſion on their niece and nephew, Frank and Belinda——

Nap. Aye, Ma'am, we muſt try ſtratagem.

Mrs. Cam. The excuſe your miſtreſs gives, is the chance of her having children of her own, whom ſhe can't wrong, by laviſhing their patrimony on others.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! then to put her out of all hopes of that, as you have ſettled, we'll make her believe my maſter's dead; and as I'm now going into the country with him, leave that to me, Ma'am.

Mrs. Cam. I fancy it will be eaſy, as ſhe already thinks him ill.

Nap. And feeble.—She heard him threaten to climb up the mould'ring walls of Netley Abbey in ſearch of a ſprig of ivy, or an owl's neſt; and if I can't invent a ſtory to bring the old gentleman tumbling down——

Mrs. Cam. Ha, ha, ha! And make your miſtreſs (the mourning widow) eſtabliſh the dear, amiable young couple well and happy; it will be an excellent joke to laugh at over their wedding ſupper.

Nap. But I muſt prepare for the journey.

Mrs. Cam. And I, home, to comfort poor Belinda. Only you act your part moſt dolefully natural, and we muſt proſper. [*Exeunt.*

Bell

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Begins at Page 29

SCENE I.—Mrs. CAMOMILE's *House.*

Enter FRANK *in his diſguiſe.*

FRANK.

HOLLO! Mrs. Camomile! here's a nick! ha, ha, ha!

Enter HEARTY *in his own clothes, greatly agitated.*

Hearty. Ay, here's the raſcal (*lays hold on* FRANK). Villain! Tell me this inſtant——

Enter JOEY *running.*

Joey. Yes, this is my coat; I'll make a davy of it (*lays hold of* FRANK *on the other ſide*).

Frank. Hey! Be quiet, my good friends!

Hearty (*enraged*). Where's the money you obtained under falſe pretences, raſcal?

Joey. Deliver my coat, ſirrah.

Frank. Both deliver me, or with one of you I'll rattan the other out of the room (*diſengages himſelf*). You ſcoundrel, is this your thanks for ſaving your neck when you broke open your maſter's letter (*apart to* JOEY).

Joey (*ſurveying him.*) Lud! if it isn't—and here too's the gentleman that gaven me—If he diſcovers

covers (*aſide*). Keep my wearing apparel, and ſay no more aboutn.

Frank. You ſay no more aboutn, or you ſail for Port Jackſon! Step down and bring me word when a ſaddled horſe comes to the door—Fly!

Joey. Yes, Sir, yes *(frightened)*. [*Exit.*

Frank. Hallo! Hearty, how do you, my buck? (*diſcovers himſelf.*)

Hearty. Frank! *(ſurveying him with ſurprize.)*

Frank. Frank and free—Tol lol lol!—Eh, only touched uncle out of fifty! *(ſhews the bank note.)* Uncle's own kitchen's now his Herculaneum, ha, ha, ha! To think how I've left him in his cap of liberty, flouriſhing his Barbarini toaſting-fork! He's to give me Belinda when I can prove he can be impoſed upon in antiquities.

Hearty. But how did you——

Frank. Then ſuch triumph to fling the hatchet even beyond the traveller; but I had a mind to kick him though.

Hearty. I'm glad you did not though.

Frank. You glad! Why, what is it to you?—I ſhall never forget old Muz the philoſopher; I think I ſee him now with his ſcientific wig pulled over his mulberry noſe.

Hearty. You do? (*in his feigned voice.*)

Frank. Eh! *(ſurprized.)* Really, could it have been you, my honeſt old friend?

Hearty. Aye, here you ſee old Muz the philoſopher, who laid out for a fifty only to introduce it to you, my dear boy! *(ſhakes his hand.)*

Frank (*ruminating*). Well, now, upon my ſoul, this is—

Hearty. Hang reflection as long as one of us has ſucceeded—Have you heard of your uncle's leaving town?

Frank.

Frank. Has he?

Hearty. I've ſome time upon my hands, I'll go with you to Southampton. My horſe is at the livery-ſtables the other ſide of Weſtminſter-bridge.

Frank. You'd beſt ſtep on before me—have him out ready—you'll not have a moment to wait, for I'll mount the inſtant mine comes to the door.

Hearty. You'll tell me how you circumvented me, and ſuch roaring laughs as we'll have all the way, ha, ha, ha! "By the Lord, lad, I'm glad you've got the money." [*Exit.*

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Well, my mock curioſities may have a better effect on my uncle than ~~Hearty's~~ real ones, if they can help to cure him of an abſurd whim that makes him the dupe of impoſtors, flinging his money after things of no utility. His very clowniſh tenants have now found out his weak ſide, and often pay their rent in butterflies, dried leaves, ſtones, and bits of old iron! (*looks at his watch.*) Getting late—I'd like to ſee if Mrs. Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda.

Enter BELINDA *at the back and* JOEY *at the ſide.*

Joey. Sir, the horſe be come.

Frank. Then, hey for love and my divine Belinda (*going*).

Bel. Pray, Sir, whither in ſuch a monſtrous hurry?

Frank. My love!

Joey. Love! oh, then I may ride the poney myſelf. [*Exit.*

Frank. In the name of miracles, how did you get here?

Bel. You know we've the beſt friend in the world in dear Mrs. Camomile, the miſtreſs of this houſe.

Enter

Enter Mrs. CAMOMILE.

Mrs. Cam. Come, come, you happy pair of turtles—this room is the ſtage for a little comedy I've to act with your aunt, of which I hope your union will prove the denouément.

[*A loud knocking without.*

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am, my miſtreſs is juſt drove up to the door.

Bel. Oh, heavens! if ſhe finds I've run to town (*going*).

Mrs. Cam. Stop—ſhe'll meet you on the ſtairs.

Bel. This way, Frank; when my aunt comes in here we'll ſlip down.

Mrs. Cam. But, Belinda, you'll tell Frank what we're at, and both trip directly home; and you and all the ſervants on with your ſables.

Frank. Sables! What, to celebrate my true love's birth-day!—No, I'll have ſuch an elegant entertainment at home.

Bel. Will you hold your tongue and come along?

[*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Cam. If my little plot on their aunt but proſpers. Flounce, run and deſire Napkin to con over the leſſon I taught him, and look as diſmal as an executor left without a legacy.

Flounce. And, Ma'am, I'll bid him keep his handkerchief to his eyes for fear an unfortunate laugh ſhould ſpoil all—Here's my miſtreſs, Ma'am; I wiſh you ſucceſs. [*Exit* FLOUNCE.

Enter Mrs. COCKLETOP, *elegant and gayly dreſſed.*

Mrs. Coc. Oh, Mrs. Camomile!

Mrs.

Mrs. Cam. Well, how do you do?

Mrs. Coc. Our houſe ſeems ſo melancholy ſince my poor dear man has left town, that now I can't bear to ſtay at home.

Mrs. Cam. And when he was at home you were always gadding (*aſide*).

Mrs. Coc. I forgot to ſhew you my dreſs—I had it made up for Cordelia in our intended play at Mrs. Pathos's. As you were not there I put it on to conſult your taſte.

Mrs. Cam. Oh, I forgot to thank you for my ticket; but excuſe me, an engagement—

Mrs. Coc. Ha, ha, ha! You had no loſs, for our tragedy was converted into a ball.

Mrs. Cam. Ball!

Mrs. Coc. Lear, you know, was our play, which we got up with every poſſible care.—Well, Ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have played Glo'ſter, having conquered too many bottles of Burgundy after dinner—(*mimicks*) "No, I'll be for none of "your ſtage—I'll ſit in the ſide-boxes among the "ladies! Begin your tragedy, I'll be very civil—"I'll clap and I'll encore."—"But, dear Colo-"nel," cries Mrs. Pathos, "remember you're to "play—you muſt go on."—"Well, Madam, I'll "ſit and ſee myſelf come on, that muſt be mon-"ſtrous fine, becauſe I'm ſo perfect in my part—"but, firſt, we'll have t'other bottle!" and reeled back into the dining-room.—"Oh, diſtraction!" cries Mrs. Pathos, "my audience all met—I'm "eternally diſgraced."—"By heaven! you ſhan't, "Mem!" ſays Mr. Segoon; "I'll make an "apology.—Ladies and Gentlemen, Colonel To-"per having been ſuddenly taken ill, my Lord "Brainleſs has kindly conſented to read the part of "Glo'ſter, and hopes for your indulgence."—

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!" from his Grace, and "bravo!" echoed the ſurrounding circle—up went the curtain, on came his Lordſhip, book in hand; he reads, he acts—"Braviſſimo!" On ſmoothly went the play till the ſcene where Cornwall orders the unhappy Glo'ſter's eyes to be put out, an incident none of our faſhionable actors ever thought of till the inſtant the cruel command was given. Without eyes ("were all the letters ſuns") Glo'ſter cou'dn't read; the probability of fiction thus deſtroyed, the play cou'dn't proceed; a general laugh took place, benches were removed, the fiddles ſtruck up Hilliſberg's reel, and audience and actors joined in a country-dance—Ha, ha, ha!—No; I'm determined to act no more amongſt them. Why can't I have plays in my own houſe as well as Mrs. Pathos? My huſband's repoſitory would make me a complete theatre, if I could but get all his ſtupid rarities out of it. ~~Wasn't that a very abſurd circumſtance?~~ Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honour though I laugh I'm exceedingly melancholy.

Mrs. Cam. You've nothing to make you uneaſy. You're ſure that with my huſband, Doctor Camomile, Mr. Cockletop is in ſafe hands.

Mrs. Coc. Why, I think he's not worſe, or I ſhould have known it by my dreams; for, ſleeping or waking, he's my thoughts.

Mrs. Cam. Then there's hope he's better—be cheerful.

Mrs. Coc. Well, Mrs. Camomile, it aſtoniſhes me how you can be cheerful while your huſband's abſent; but, indeed, it's rather unfortunate when people are formed with hearts of more ſenſibility than others. I've heard often, but can't have the ſmalleſt conception, that there are women that marry old men with no other view than ſoon to become rich widows,

~~widows, and then take a young one. Oh! my blood rifes when I think of ſuch wives!—I'd rather die myſelf, nay,~~ I'm ſure I cou'dn't live if any thing was to happen to my huſband!

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Why, Ma'am, here's Mr. Napkin juſt come below.

Mrs. Coc. But is his maſter return'd too?

Mrs. Cam. Well, if even he is not, why ſhou'd that alarm you?

Mrs. Coc. Then, perhaps, Napkin has brought —Where is he? Why don't he come up? Napkin (*calls*); torture me with ſuſpenſe!—Oh Lord, Mrs. Camomile, if anything's the matter I ſhall die! (*with great emotion.*)

Mrs. Cam. But don't teaze yourſelf, perhaps without a cauſe.—Mr. Napkin, pray walk up (*with compoſure*).

Mrs. Coc. How I tremble!

Mrs. Cam. Collect your fortitude; you know we ſhould always be prepar'd for the worſt.

Enter NAPKIN *in a travelling dreſs, ſplaſh'd, and ſeemingly fatigued.*

Nap. My dear, good maſter! (*weeps.*)

Mrs. Coc. My huſband!—Oh, Lord, ſpeak! pray ſpeak!

Nap. Madam, will you have him brought up to town, or ſhall he be buried in the country? (*weeps.*)

Mrs. Cam. Dead!

Nap. I wiſh Henry the VIIIth had levelled Netley Abbey—my ſweet maſter's thirſt of knowledge—ſuch a height—top of the old ſpire—his head giddy—feeble limbs—ſtretching too far—a

ſtone giving way—though I caught him—by the heel—head foremoſt—corner of a tomb-ſtone—daſh—Oh! (*weeps.*)

Mrs. Coc. My fears are true!—I faint—I die—Pleaſe to reach that chair.

(Mrs. CAMOMILE *places a chair*—Mrs. COCKLE-TOP, *with deliberation, bruſhes it with her handkerchief, ſeats herſelf, takes out a ſmelling-bottle, applies it, and affects to ſwoon.*)

Mrs. Cam. Nay, now, my dear friend, I thought you were a woman of ſenſe.—If my jeſt on death ſhou'd cauſe one in earneſt! (*aſide.*)—Pray be comforted.

Mrs. Coc. (*recovering.*) Comforted, did you ſay! How is that poſſible, my dear Mrs. Camomile, when I've heard you yourſelf remark that black don't become me, though if I was to dreſs like Almeria in the Mourning Bride.

Mrs. Cam. To confeſs the truth, I was afraid to tell you; but I before knew of this melancholy event: and there that fooliſh boy your nephew, Frank, through his zealous reſpect for the memory of his uncle, has (contrary to all cuſtom and decorum) already order'd the whole of the family to put on the black clothes that were only t'other day laid by, when the mourning for your brother-in-law expired.

Mrs. Coc. Madam, you're very obliging.

Mrs. Cam. I ſee this loſs bears hard upon your mind, therefore it may not be proper ſo ſoon troubling you with worldly affairs; but now, my dear, that you'll have no children of your own, indeed you ſhou'd think of ſome eſtabliſhment for your niece Belinda.

Mrs.

Mrs. Coc. I'll firſt eſtabliſh my huſband's nephew Frank, merely to ſhew I prefer my dear man's relations to my own.

Mrs. Cam. This will anſwer the ſame purpoſe, as Frank marries Belinda (*aſide*).—Well, ſhall I tell the lad your good intentions towards him?

Mrs. Coc. You're very kind; I'll tell him myſelf: but I'll firſt conſult you, my good friend, on the thoughts I have had in my mind how to make him happy; but, in my interview with the boy, I wou'dn't have anybody elſe by. The hour of ſorrow's ſacred; it's a cruel world; and people luxurious and ſenſual, gay and fortunate, have little feeling for the diſtreſſes of a diſconſolate widow!

Mrs. Cam. My dear creature, endeavour to keep up your ſpirits.

Mrs. Coc. Ah, friend! what ſhould a poor woman do that has loſt ſo good a huſband, but try to —to—get a better? (*aſide.*) [*Exeunt.*

Act Begins

SCENE II.—COCKLETOP's *Houſe.*

Enter FRANK *elated with wine, and* BELINDA *in mourning.*

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! this is the moſt whimſical thought of your friend, Mrs. Camomile!

Bel. Isn't it charming?

Frank. Your aunt, and indeed the whole family, except Flounce and Napkin, who are in the ſecret, actually believe that my uncle's dead.

Enter NAN.

This is your natal day; the birth of beauty: I'll give an entertainment, upon my ſoul! Ha, ha!

Mrs. Flounce ſays, "Oh, Sir! I can't run any "bills with the trade's-people;" but, bills and credit!—While we've money my uncle's curioſity guineas ſhall fly.—Ha, ha, ha! Illuminate the rooms brilliant, luſtres, girandoles, and chandeliers.

Nan. Yes, Sir.—La! now where's Joey to do all this? Mr. John, light the cluſters, jerry-doles, and chanticleers (*calls off*).

Frank. Prepare the ſaloon:—Belinda, we will have a ball.

Nan. Air the balloon, for Maſter's going to play at ball.

Frank. And lay ſupper; then let Napkin ſend for a pipe and tabor; a dance we muſt have.—Tol, lol, lol!

Bel. But indeed now, this extravagance——

Frank. An't my kind aunt to give me my uncle's caſh? Then, my Belinda, you and I go to church, and Hymen, in his ſaffron robe, ſhall lead us to the roſy bow'r.—Can I reſiſt, you angel! (*kiſſes her hand.*)

Bel. For Heaven's ſake, Frank, a little decency before the ſervants! How unfeeling muſt they think you!

Frank. I'll ſhew you the feeling of ſervants for ſuch a maſter.

Enter ~~JOHN,~~ THOMAS, ~~*and two Maids in mourning.*~~

Harkye, Tom the coachman, you know your maſter's no more?

Tom. Ay, Sir, death has whipp'd his horſes to their journey's end, to our great ſorrow!

Frank. Poor Tom! I'm told you're ſo griev'd, you've ſworn never to touch a drop of punch as long as you live.

Tom.

Tom. Me! I'll be damn'd if I ever ſwore any ſuch thing!

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! A jovial bout the ſervants ſhall have—we'll celebrate your birth-day.

Bel. But where's your friend the ſteward?

Frank. Right!—Holloa, Hearty!—Oh, true, I've ſent my poor old fellow pacing over Weſtminſter-bridge.—Fly! and every one bring in his hand ſomething towards the good cheer of the night.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.—*A Saloon illuminated.*

Enter COCKLETOP *in a ſtorm cap, roquelare, &c.*

Coc. All my doors open!—this blowy night!—reminds me of the Liſbon earthquake; but my ſtorm-cap has protected me!—Odd, my not finding Belinda at Southampton.—I wiſh I had come into town over London-bridge; that now, is a ſort of young ruin—I love to paſs the Tabbard in Southwark, from whence Chaucer's pilgrims went to the ſhrine of Thomas-a-Becket—Then the monument's growing a pretty rumble-come-tumble, ha, ha, ha! But then over Weſtminſter-bridge, to ſee Hearty mounted like a great equeſtrian ſtatue!—And my man Joey holding his bridle like the Emperor of Morocco's black-a-moor—I'm not ſorry Napkin left me; nobody knows now I have been at my ſweet Belinda's—how glad my wife will be when ſhe finds I'm come home, and well (*throws back the ſtorm cap, and looks about the room*). Eh! my dear has company; this don't ſpeak much feeling for my illneſs!

Enter TOM *with a cloth, not perceiving* COCKLETOP.

Tom. While Napkin is uncorking the wine, I'll ſee if I can't ſpread a table as well as a hammer-cloth *(takes out a large table and begins to lay it—whiſtles)*. I wonder who drives my old maſter now in t'other world; does he go up or down hill?

Coc. Now, who has put Thomas my coachman into mourning?—As I left you a pied zebra, why find you a black bear? *(ſtrikes him with his cane.)*

Tom. Gee up! *(ſuddenly turning, ſurprized and terrified)* [*Exit.*

Coc. What 's this about?

Enter NAN *with ſallad, which ſhe places on the table, then picks a bit out.)*

Nan. I loves beet-root *(puts it to her mouth)*.

Coc. Yes, and ſo do I *(ſhe looks at him frighten'd)*. ~~Some of my family muſt be dead, that they're all ſo ſuddenly got dipp'd.~~ Tell me, young woman, for whom are you in mourning? (NAN *ſhakes her head, puts her apron to her eyes and exit.*) I hav'n't miſtook my houſe! ſure I believe I'm at next door!

Enter NAPKIN, ~~FLOUNCE, and two maid ſervants in mourning.~~

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! ~~Flounce~~, if you had ſeen how capitally doleful I play'd my part.

Flounce.

Flounce. None of your dolefuls now. Maſter away, Miſtreſs ſafe at Mrs. Camomile's; the houſe to ourſelves, and the young pair, ſince Mr. Frank will treat us to a little hop.

Nap. Ay, Flounce, for muſic you know I'm no bad ſcraper.

Flounce. No, Napkin; nothing gives ſpirit to a dance as a pipe and tabor; ſo ſend out and ſee if one can't be hired.

Enter two Maids, and Footman with a violin.

Nap. My fiddle, John, thanky (*takes it*). Now liſten, Flounce, for our country dance; only mind the violin; why, I'll lilt up Jacky Bull, ſprightly enough to move the dead; ay, even to make our old maſter caper about (NAPKIN *plays*).

Coc. "Here, Jacky's return'd from Dover" (*joins in the dance, then ſeizes* NAPKIN, *the reſt run off ſhrieking*). So, my good friend, I bring you into the country, you leave me ſick, ſneak away, and here I find you like Nero at Rome, raſping your cremona. Explain, what brings you all in black; if anybody's deceaſed, why do you celebrate the funeral rites with feaſting and fiddling? and if nobody's dead, why change my dove-houſe into a rookery? (NAPKIN *put his handkerchief to his eyes.*) Oh, then there is ſomebody—who is it?—Eh! who? tell me—Vexation! an't I to know?—'Sblood! are people to die in my houſe, and I the maſter, and not be told!

Nap. What, or who ſhall I ſay? (*aſide.*)

Coc. What am I to think of all this?

Nap. Why, Sir, from ſeeing us all in black—you're to—think—that——

Coc. What?

Nap. That we're in mourning.

Coc. But for whom?—It can't be my friend Mrs. Camomile?—My nephew Frank?—Oh Lord! if it ſhould be Miſs Belinda—No, no; they wou'dn't fiddle and dance for them.—It muſt be for ſomebody for whom ceremony demands the outward ſhews of ſorrow; but nobody cares whether they liv'd or died.—Now, there is one beloved perſon—that I don't care a farthing for (*aſide*). Yet I left her ſo well—I ſee they're afraid to ſhock me—Napkin, is it—is it?—(NAPKIN *ſhakes his head.*) It is my—my—wi—wi—wife! (*Exit* NAPKIN *ſlowly.*) 'Tis ſo! His ſilence is a funeral oration—Oh, my dear wife!

Enter JOEY, *ſhivering as if cold.*

Joey. Oh, oh! It be a bitter ſharp night; my hands are ſtone.

Coc. Are you petrified? I wiſh you were. I'd put you on a bracket in my muſuem.

Joey. But, Sir, here we come home, find all our ſarvants in mourning; and when I aſks for whom, they ſhakes their heads, and walk away.

Coc. Joey, it's for—your miſtreſs.

Joey. My lady dead! Lawk, how ſudden.—I believe now I ought to cry (*aſide, lifts up the ſkirts of his coat, and watches* COCKLETOP).

Coc. The gentle friend and companion of my youth! (*weeps.*)

Joey. Yes, I ſhou'd cry (*aſide*). Oh!

Coc. The beſt of wives! (*ſorrowful.*)

Joey.

Joey. The kindeſt miſtreſs! (*imitating.*)

Coc. (*recovering.*) Yet my ſervants rejoicing ſhews how ill ſhe was beloved.

Joey. Yes, Sir, I ſaid to myſelf when I com'd—Joey, ſaid I, you have got a good maſter, but a bad miſtreſs.

Coc. Stay, now I'm releaſed from her extravagant vagaries—Why, ſhe'd give as much for a little toilet patch box, ay, as would purchaſe the black letter palace of pleaſure—her week's hair dreſſing would buy me Colly Cibber's Foppington wig—Then her temper———

Joey. She was a wixen devil!

~~*Coc.* Yet ſuch a pretty face!~~

~~*Joey.* She was an angel for beauty, that's the truth on't—Oh!~~ (*cries.*)

~~*Coc.* Yet ſhe was getting in years———~~

~~*Joey.* Old enough to be my grandmother!~~

Coc. With her lace-caps and her fripperies; her private plays, her dénouement and cataſtrophe.

Joey. If I didn't ſuſpect ſhe played in private with that Mr. Denemong behind the tapeſtry!

Coc. I've no right to be ſo ſad.

Joey. Yes, Sir, we mun be glad—Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!

Coc. The funeral over, I'll do what I've long wiſh'd—convert her dreſſing-room into my muſeum!

Joey. Her dreſſing-room would make me a ſnug bed-chamber.

Coc. What?

Joey. I ſay, Sir, 'twou'd make you a nice bed-room.

Coc. No, a choice repoſitory for my antiquities.

Joey. Yes, Sir; but indeed they have now got old and ruſty—you ſhould beſpeak an entire new ſet.

Coc.

Coc. The room has an eaſt aſpect; the windows face Athens, though diſgraced now by Cockſpur perfumery and Fleet-ſtreet japanery—I'll remove her things out of it.

Joey. Certainly, Sir; kick them down ſtairs—An't you man of the houſe?

Coc. I am. You're but a boy—but I ſee you've ſpirit—follow me to her dreſſing-room.

Joey. Yes, Sir—Hem! [*Exeunt.*

Change of Scene.

Enter Mrs. COCKLETOP *and* NAN, *in mourning.*

Mrs. Coc. Every room, every article of furniture only reminds me of my dear man! My beloved Frank's ill-timed mirth does not correſpond with his haſte in getting every body into mourning; but indeed my poor huſband was never an uncle to him.

Plume.

Nan. Oh, Ma'am, you look ſo well in your weeds.

Mrs. Coc. Do I?

Nan. Why, your Ladyſhip's arm from the black ſleeve looks like the white leg of a fine fowl.

Mrs. Coc. Though I revere the memory of my late huſband, yet his ridiculous paſſion for ſhells, foſſils, and antique nonſenſe was got to ſuch an intolerable height, I was determined that on the firſt opportunity I'd fling his rubbiſh out of the houſe, and now I'll do it—it's a good large room, and I think taſtily fitted—'twill make me a moſt beautiful little Theatre—the thought charms—but, alas! my charmer is no more!—I'll inſtantly go up and throw all his old coppers and crocodiles out of the window—his muſeum (as he calls it) is a moſt horrid place; but I will have it cleared out.—Come.

Nan. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Ma'am. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter JOEY, *with band-boxes, toilet furniture, &c.*

Joey. Ho, ho, ho! Now if our miſtreſs could but pop her head out of her coffin and ſee what a fine rummage we have made among her fal de rals, trinketies, and ginglebobs (*takes a ſmall phial out of a dreſſing box and reads labels*)—" C--o--s--cos—m--e--t--met—i--c--ic Lotion for the face." (*taſtes it*) Feace! Eh! this is a good notion for the ſtomach! Choice cordial! the very thing that I wanted this cold night to warm my gay little heart (*puts it into his pocket*). My miſtreſs was fond of ſilken geer, I wonder now how ſhe's contented with a ſhroud—they ſay what people ſet their hearts upon in this world runs ſo much in their heads, that, even in t'other they can't reſt if ſuch things ſhould be diſturbed. Meaſter ſays he'll give theſe to the flames—I'll aſk him to give them to my flame, pretty Nan. If ſhe gets this here cap upon her pate, and our lady miſtreſs was to come ſtalking in with a candle in her dead hand——

Re-enter Mrs. COCKLETOP *with a candle.*

And then ſays Nan, with a trembling voice—" Who's there?" (*not perceiving her.*)

Mrs. Coc. Don't be afraid, Joey, it's only me.

Joey. Marcy on us! (*trembling.*)

Mrs. Coc. Heavens! who has pulled my things about in this way? (*ſeeing them.*)

Joey. Now the devil was in our maſter that he could not let'n bide (*aſide*). I thought we ſhould have her up.

Mrs. Coc. Who did it?

Joey. Will it quiet your poor ſoul? (*ſolemnly and frightened.*)

Mrs. Coc. Bid Nan make haſte down to me.

Joey. Then ſhe's—*(points down.)* Ah, thoſe ladies lead ſuch rory tory lives (*aſide*).

Mrs. Coc. Nan! (*calling.*)

Joey. Don't hurt Nan, I'll go for the parſon.

[*Exit terrified.*

Mrs. Coc. Parſon! then my intentions to marry Frank are already known among the ſervants.

Enter NAN *with various antiquities, which ſhe lays on the table.*

Nan. Here, Ma'am, I've got a rare bundle of antiqui-quackities! Lord! Lord! Ma'am! what could bewitch our maſter to heap up ſuch a ſtock of lumber?

Mrs. Coc. Rubbiſh indeed! A neſt of moths and ſpiders!—Ah! let them be all thrown out—but I'll ſee how Flounce dare to let my room be ranſacked in this manner. [*Exit in a paſſion.*

Nan. The ſkin of ſome foreign beaſt I ſuppoſe—Something rich here—*(looks in a box)*—Nothing but filthy old rags!—he, he, he! If our dead maſter's picture don't ſeem as if it was looking down directly at me (*looking at a portrait over the chimney*). Though grand, this is a very diſmal room.

Enter COCKLETOP.

Coc. Belinda here in the houſe!—I've told Hearty to inform her of my intentions to marry her, and I'll compliment my deceaſed wife with a cedar coffin. Now muſt I promote her dreſſing room to the honor of being the treaſury of my antiques! I wiſh Hearty would come to help me to remove my precious——Eh! they are removed *(ſeeing them)*.

Nan. How Maſter's mind when he was alive did run

run upon theſe ſhabby gimcracks—Oh! he could not have prized it ſo much for nothing—No, no, he had ſomething good. Your odd old people are fond of hiding money in holes and corners! Lud! if here isn't (*rattling a ſmall box*)—Ay, don't you look down ſo ſharp at me, for I will have a peep though I get a dead man's pinch! (*As ſhe is opening the box* COCKLETOP *pinches her ear—ſhe turns, ſees* COCKLETOP, *ſhrieks and runs off.*)

Coc. A moſt ſacrilegious petticoat thief!

[*Exit after her.*

SCENE IV. *and laſt.—Another apartment, a table covered with a green cloth.*

Enter JOEY *with a candle, terrified.*

Joey. I've left the parſon in the room (*ſtarts frightened*) —Who's here?—But he inſiſts it be auld maſter that's dead, the good gentleman that juſt now with me for Madam's death cried ſo fine, all alive and merry! but this ſtupid miniſter won't believe it; ſo if he meets her there and her ſpirit's ſtill diſturbed about her rumplified caps, ſhe'll claw him for certain. I know nought where maſter's got, and the ſarvants ſeem all run to hide—can't find Nan; I would we were both ſafe again in the country.—Well, I've ſaved this drop of cordial—Who's you? Heaven defend us! Oh—ſhe is come again! I have no hope now but my bottle and this table (*puts out the light, gets behind, and then under the table*).

Enter Mrs. COCKLETOP.

Mrs. Coc. Frank! this is the room I deſired Mrs. Camomile to bid him meet in, and here he comes—this

this way, Frank! (*calling off in a low voice.*) I'm glad there's no light though to diſcover my bluſhes at the open declaration I muſt make him.

Enter COCKLETOP.

Coc. As dark as an Egyptian catacomb—Belinda venturing to town muſt be on the report of her aunt's death—and if Hearty has told her—Ill ſpeak to her, here——

Mrs. Coc. Are you there? (*in an under tone.*)

Coc. Yes, 'tis ſhe—I wiſh we had a light—where are you? (*in a low voice.*)

Mrs. Coc. Eh! When I bury Mr. Cockletop—

Coc. Bury me! (*aſide*) No, my dear, it's for you—I'm to make a mummy of Mrs. Cockletop—

Mrs. Coc. Make mummy of me!—Is it Frank?

Coc. No, my love! I'm your own Coſey Cockletop!

Mrs. Coc. Angels and miniſters! it's the ghoſt of my huſband come to upbraid me!—Oh, much wrong'd ſpouſe!

Coc. Spouſe! it's the ſpirit of my wife—Oh, Lord!—oh, great—injured goblin! (*they fall on their knees oppoſite ſides.*)

Joey (from under the table). Here's the parſon ſtriving to lay my miſtreſs, but ſhe'll ſurely tear his head off—Eh! why! it's my poor dear maſter! Help! Murder!

Enter Mrs. CAMOMILE, BELINDA, FRANK, ~~& HEARTY~~.

Mrs. Cam. Eh! what's the matter here?

Joey. My Lady's ghoſt tearing auld maſter to pieces (*riſing haſtily, overſets the table and runs off*).

Mrs. Coc. Mr. Cockletop alive!

Coc.

Coc. My wife not dead!

Frank. Uncle, you promiſed that when proved to be deceived in antiquities Belinda ſhould be mine (*ſpeaks in his feigned voice*). Now, Zur, beſides the fifty pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

Coc. Was't you?—Take her—I was a wiſe man till my brain got love coddled; ſo, my dear, let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our own follies.

Frank. Ay, Sir, and transfer your paſſion for ancient virtue to the encouragement of modern genius. Had not Rome and Athens cheriſhed the arts of their times, they'd have left no antiquities now for us to admire.

Bel. Why rake for gems the aſhes of the dead,
And ſee the living Artiſt pine for bread?

Frank. Give
While you live:
Heirs who find caſh in corners,
Will at your funeral make right Merry Mourners.

THE END.

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